THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1805. N°. 27.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

Plac'd for his trial on this bustling stage,
From thoughtless youth to ruminating age,
Free in his will to choose or to refuse,
Man may improve the crisis, or abuse;
Else, on the fatalists' unrighteous plan,
Say, to what bar amenable were man?

COWPER.

Mr. Easy,

I was much pleased to find that some of your friends who contribute to the Companion were disposed to furnish you with criticisms on the merits and tendencies of some writings, which are generally to be found in fashionable libraries. The beauty of the language in which these books are written and the deceptious colouring which is given to sentiments, from which we should turn with disgust, if they were stripped of these adventitious advantages and shewn in their naked deformity, have given them a rank in publick estimation which I think much above their merit, and has secured to them a circulation much more extensive than a due regard to the interests of religion and morality, ought to have suffered them to obtain. I have particular reference to a critique of Rosseau's Eloisa, in your twenty third number, under the signature of Longinus. The ideas of this writer are so correct, and his strictures on the work, so judicious and appropriate that I hope he will frequently fill some of the columns of your miscellany. Much yet remains to be done in this department, *some* poetical works would be proper subjects of examination and *some* writings on systems of education deserve attention in this way, but those works which have been called philosophical, as they are more specious and obviously calculated to deceive the superficial observer, more impetuously demand this critical examination; that the credulous and unsuspecting may be put on their guard, and may avoid yielding to sophistical arguments what cannot be supported by sound reasoning.

Observing your twenty fourth number to begin with a comparison between Shakspear's plays and one translated from the German of Schiller, I flattered myself that I should be gratified by seeing all the objections which I have ever had to *the Robbers* more correctly exhibited to the publick, than I thought myself capable of doing it; but I was much surprized to find the writer an avowed advocate of a play, which I thought, and supposed almost every body else thought, so objectionable.

I decline for several reasons to attempt an investigation of the merits of this piece, according to the rules which have been adopted in dramatical compositions. I think *that* by no means the most important point of view in which this play is to be seen. My intention is nothing more than to shew the immoral, irreligious, and pernicious tendency of the piece, and to make a few observations on some of the characters.

I know of no impression of more mischievous tendency, than "the principle of Fatalism which pervades the whole piece, and influences the chief agents of the drama." When that doctrine has once got access, there is no longer any security against the most wicked actions being committed, while those who commit them think themselves blameless, as simply the agents of a superior power, whose influence they suppose they feel impelling them to all those actions to which from the depravity of human nature we are so propense. We frequently find that all the restraints of religion and morality and even the apprehension of future punishment, are insufficient to arrest the impetuous torrent of the passions. What then are we to expect in cases where not only these restraints are removed, but when wicked men believe themselves commissioned, and that they are "the instruments of vengeance in the hands of the Almighty for the punishment of others!" Which consideration not only renders the agents more abandoned, but has the ef-

fect of exciting our sympathy for such persons, as we believe to be hurried on in spite of themselves and to be compelled to act under the direction of an irresistable impulse. We ought not to see these principles in conjunction with any thing of which we can possibly think favourably. We are in danger of losing sight of the detestable nature of fatalism, when it is so softened and relieved by amiable qualities, as in the character of Moor.

I cannot conceive on what ground the translator of this play could assert "that so far from its being hostile in its nature to the cause of virtue, it is one of the most truly moral compositions that ever flowed from the pen of genius." For my part, I see no new lesson of morality which is taught by it. We learn from it, that strong partialities among ones children are improper, and that vicious conduct is punished even in this world, but we have heard and acknowledged these truths so often, that we have now no urgent occasion for the repetition of them.

No one I think will deny that this play discovers talents in the writer, and perhaps a more than ordinary acquaintance with the human heart, particularly for a man of no greater age than twenty three years. I allow also that there are some scenes in it which are exceedingly well managed and highly affecting.

That the tendency of this piece is however, inimical to virtue is very strongly countenanced by an anecdote which the translator has had the candour to relate in his preface, although he professes to disbelieve it, or supposes that at least it has been much exaggerated; he has copied it from the transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.—"After the representation of this Tragedy (the Robbers) at Fribourg, a large party of the youth of the city, among whom were the sons of some of the chief nobility, captivated by the grandeur of the character of its hero, Moor, agreed to form a band like his in the forests of Bohemia, elected a young nobleman for their chief, and pitched on a beautiful young lady for his Amelia, whom they were to carry off from her parents house, to accompany their flight. To the accomplishment of this design, they had bound themselves by the most tremendous oaths; but the conspiracy was discovered by an accident and its execution prevented." We also learn from the translator that "so powerful were the effects of this tragedy, and as some thought so dangerous, that in several states its representation was prohibited by the legislature." These are circumstances so striking and which obtrude themselves so forcibly on our attention, that I am surprised at your ingenious correspondent having failed to notice and give them their due weight.

There is more of sophistry than of correct analogical inferrence, in the vindication which the translator makes for having introduced this play to the knowledge of his countrymen. He seems to think that if Milton were not to be censured for having represented the arch-fiend in the shape and appearance of a fallen angel, Schiller ought not to be blamed for having given some elegant traits to his hero, who on the whole must be allowed to be vicious. The cases are in my opinion by no means parallel. We can never be so facinated with the brilliancy of his Satanic Majesty as to be induced to wish to imitate him; and even if the wish could be formed, the impossibility of our acting in any degree in a similar way, would compel us to abandon the mad idea. But if we cannot exactly imitate Schiller's hero, he is not so far out of human reach, as to make us dispair of being able to come near him. Such a circumstance as a father unjustly disinheriting his son may occur, and a son of bold and sanguine turn of mind may wish to act like the noble Moor.

After we have been introduced to Moor and his company and heard a disgusting jumble of dialogue, which authorise us to conclude that his companions are at least of the most vulgar order of people, if not abandoned villains we learn by a proposal of one of the party, that they were not yet robbers, but heretofore only the associates of his dissipation and profligacy. Such an association, independently of any other crime deserved almost the whole of a father's severity, and resentment.

There is much obscurity as to the previous course of life which Charles de Moor had led, but we are induced to believe that with all the advantages of uncommonly brilliant parts and liberal attention from an indulgent father, his mind should have been so formed and his principles so fixed that even under the most imperious and distressing circumstances, he would have required some management, and at last could have been drawn into the vortex of destruction only by gradual and insensible degrees. But on the contrary, we find him seizing the first offer which is made him, to become captain of the gang with a degree of promptitude and alacrity which would have become a man who had been nursed in the lap of depredation, who was familiar with crimes, and who had grown gray in the service of iniquity.

I am prepared to admit that there is a splendour, boldness, an energy in the character of Moor, which blended with a considerable portion of humanity and amiability, render him highly interesting. But this is the circumstance which constitutes my greatest objection to him; these lucid parts of his character, have the effect

blinding us to his faults, induce us to palliate his conduct, and to feel particular concern in his fate.

Independently of the doctrine of fatalism which seems to have influenced Moor in many of his actions, the manner in which he speaks of suicide is exceedingly objectionable and the reason which he assigns for declining it is not that one which should have operated most forcibly.

I have but little to observe on the character of Francis de Moor ; it bears some resemblance to Shakspear's Richard the third, and is pretty well supported throughout.—But Francis' address to hisfather in the first scene is abrupt, brutal and without sufficient preparation of the old man to hear such gross faults charged on his favorite son, and the whole of it is so inartificial and bears so strongly the marks of imposition, that the flimsy veil of concern in the son cannot be supposed sufficient to hide his real views from the most unobservant eyes ; besides, the air of triumph with which he speaks was suited to defeat his plans and to excite suspicion in the father.

The greatest stretch of imagination is scarcely capable of reaching a character so infamously cruel and corrupt, as that which we must attribute to Francis, from his soliloquy at the beginning of the second act. Characters which represent the highest grade of turpitude attainable by man, should be exhibited with caution, but those which are actually impracticable should never be admitted. Writers satisfy themselves on having drawn such characters by the reflection that their readers will feel abhorrence at the deformity of vice, but it is unfortunately true that we soon become familiar with objects, which were once our greatest aversion, we first bear to behold, then we approach, we touch, we handle and embrace them.

It must be allowed that an example of a very exceptionable kind is given in the third act, where Kozinski comes to offer himself as the companion of an infamous horde of robbers and murderers, because he had been disappointed in his love-schemes, and had been badly treated by a despotic prince, thereby adding infamy to his misfortune and insult. Nor can the frigid moralizing, the air of contempt and the trite reflections of Moor, on the situation of those who have been guilty of great crimes, remove the sympathy which ardent minds will feel for the unfortunate and intrepid Kozinski.

Your correspondent wisely declines to enter into a particular examination of the character of Amelia, which is indeed an odd compound, an heterogeneous mixture of such ingredients as never did nor ever will concur in one person ; she is presented to us in the first instance, in the form of a virago incensed almost to madness, and even going through some maniac evolutions. We meet with her next a love-lorn, sorrowing maid, the tender friend and guardian of her sleeping uncle ; after having supported this character tolerably well for some time in the Bed Chamber scene, we find her instantaneously changed into the virago, which we first saw her. We again see her submitting to be imposed on by the shallow trick, of a dying man having traced several sentences with his own blood on his sword. We do not require truth in dramatic performances, but where fiction is so palpable as to force itself on our notice, and the incident is scarcely within the limits of possibility, certainly not within those of the slightest probability, the intellect must indeed be torpid which can enjoy the representation.

In the Garden scene with Francis, Amelia acts with equal ease a character violent, mild or malignant. In the gallery scene she is talking philosophically, with the supposed Count de Brasund, on the vanity of "sublunary bliss," and the transitoriness of human happiness. She hints at her faithfulness and constancy to Moor, and is dissolved into tears by being urged to repeat his name.

In the garden she is again the love-sick girl, but we are surprised to find this paragon of constancy in a soliloquy, on the existence of a young attachment, which by a sort of hot-bed growth had arisen on the instant and attained an irresistable strength, and chiding her "false and faithless heart," for furnishing her with so good an excuse for giving way to her passion.—She was then under the impression that the object of her first love was dead, therefore she might have deemed herself absolved in justice though not literally. But she had just been told that he was alive, and told under circumstances which were suited, at least, to have absorbed her attention for sometime ; but at that very instant ; when every latent spark of attachment to Moor, might have been naturally expected to be excited, she meets the Count, that fatal likeness of her Charles, and turns upon us an entire wanton.

"With a look expressive of the most passionate affection." "Moor says "young woman that is false," she answers "tenderly," "Moor presses her hand to his lips;" she tells him "his kisses burn like fire," to which he replies as usual in such cases. "He embraces her and lays his head on her bosom." Amelia "in great confusion struggles with a faint endeavour," then "tenderly and drowned in tears, she presses him closer to her bosom," saying at the same time, "God forgive you, young man!" our loving pair now, "with rapturous tenderness give way to their emotions without controul, and mingle their kisses," after these extacies, and some rant about bro[ken]

vows, perjury, mutual faith &c. and much management about the ring, turning pale, being terrified, throwing up of eyes to heaven, speaking with melancholy tenderness, and an expression of deep affliction, she discovers her lover to be Charles, she faints and the scene closes." This is, indeed a scene of much interest, particularly to the parties; it is a highly coloured picture but without variety of colours, for the master colour there, like the brazen serpent, has swallowed up all the rest.

Amelia again makes her appearance in the last scene, but as her conduct is the same as before, except that she shews some additional symptoms of an "unsettledness of mind;" I think it unnecessary to be more particular with her.

However strongly we reprobate the immoral tendency of the principal character in this piece, it does not totally eclipse the minor faults of Amelia; and I do not think I shall be charged with being affectedly scrupulous or puritanically rigid, if I object to the latter, as incongruous, indelicate and unnatural.

The industry and zeal of the great enemies of christianity, which are known to have been vigorously exerted about or a little before the time when Schiller wrote, afford a presumption that he might have been enlisted under their banners; as we know that they neglected no steps which could in any degree forward their great and nefarious designs.—The sources of information were poisoned by their new doctrines, the name of philosophy was prostituted to the purposes of impiety, thrones were disgraced by being in possession of the proselytes to the new system, and even the high dignitaries of the church were polluted by their principles. There was no way to the head, there was no avenue to the human heart, which they did not essay to enter. Even amusements were made subservient to their views. That Schiller then, a young man and a man of talents should have attracted their attention and become one of their number is not at all improbable; and the Tragedy of "the Robbers," is in such a style as to countenance the conjecture.

The propagators of infidelity appear to be actuated by a degree of infuriated enthusiasm or malignant charity, for which I have never been able to account. It might be possible to pardon the total disregard or oblivion of the misery and distress which the success of their doctrines produce in some of the most amiable of mankind, if any plausible motive could be assigned for their conduct.—They sometimes pretend that they have in view the emancipation of the human mind, from the prejudices of an ill directed education, from the shackles of superstition and the impositions of priestcraft. But this is a kind of jargon as they apply it, which I have never been able to comprehend, although I have often had my judgment insulted and my feelings irritated by the writings on this subject, and had my ears stunned by the garulous prating and clamorous vociforations of the various orders of its advocates. The sublime Godwin and his more sublime models in France, no doubt had motives for the conduct which they adopted; and truly sublime and terrible, have been the consequences in that country where labourers were in the greatest plenty, where their doctrines took the deepest root and possesed the most vigorous principle of growth. Independently of great political revolutions, which I think are well ascertained to have been the primary objects of Voltaire, d'Alembert and others, who composed the memorable constellation of impiety, the baleful influence of which, has been severely felt in every portion of the globe to which European literature has access; it should be recollected, that *they* were *master-builders* in the temple of irreligion. Whatever might be the ultimate issue of their projects, they calculated that they could not fail to gain credit, for the ingenuity with which they combated the favourite and most established doctrines of the whole christian world, and for the success which they might have in the contest; more brilliant and more flattering to their vanity, if the force of their sophistical reasonings, should be shewn to have prevailed over truth and the good sense of mankind.

The love of novelty is one of the most powerful affections of the human mind, and it has greatly aided the extension of infidelity. The works of Tindal, Chubb, Toland and other old fashioned writers in the cause of irreligion, have once had their day, but are now almost faded from the recollection of this age; and even those of the elegant but superficial Bolingbroke are vanishing from our sight. Such will also be the fate of the latter writers of this class when their works no longer bear the gloss of novelty.

But in the rear of the body of infidels, I behold with painful emotion, a melancholy group of unfortunate young men, who before their minds have been erradiated by science or their understandings matured by a knowledge of the world, have been led astray by the dazzling and *ignus fatuus* splendour of modern philosophy. They have not even a possible chance to emerge from their obscurity or to obtain the poor pre-eminence of being leaders in the phalanx of infidelity. They are nevertheless active and zealous and persevering and liberal of their instructions to a degree which has astonished me, when I have found that they could assign no adequate cause for such earnestness; and when success equal to their most sanguine wishes

could be of no service to them, and must inevitably be the source of great uneasiness to the unhappy victims of their torrent-like fluency; whose minds they unhinge, whose principles they unsettle, and whose consolations here and hopes of happiness hereafter, founded on the noble and eternal basis of the christian religion they completely destroy.

I can attribute this conduct in most of such persons only to the wantonness of debate. They find religion a new and extensive field for the exercise of their ingenuity, and they enjoy the victory which they sometimes gain over their opponents in discussion; for neither age, sex, situation or want of information, is a security against their discussions. They will harangue under all circumstances, in the street, in the market-place, in private and even in churches.

Some of the advocates of infidelity are much to be pitied, they have been deprived of their confidence in the christian system by some of their liberally enlightening friends, but not feeling themselves satisfied with the ground on which they stand, they lead to the subject of religion with a view of hearing what may be advanced in its favour, but they still adhere to their opposition to it, and plunging deeper and deeper into their errors, they have a gloomy consolation in dragging others in with them. There is nothing like coincidence in this class of people, some of them are Deists, others Atheists, and a third description confirmed and universal scepticks, who profess to know or believe nothing with respect to themselves, to creation, or to God. IWAN.

20*th April* 1805.

What if we trace the globe around,
And search from Britain to Japan,
There shall be no religion found
So just to God, so safe to man.
Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the GOSPEL *to my heart—* WATTS.

HISTORICAL EVIDENCES OF THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

PART 1st.

Mr. Easy,

The following summary of the historical evidences in favour of Christianity cannot pretend to originality—the arrangement, the style &c. are mine—but many of the arguments, as any person acquainted with the subject will perceive, may be found in other publications. Some years ago when I had the privilege of recuring to a large, and valuable library filled with scarce books—and when my mind was tempted to indulge scepticism—I read the principal authors extant on this controversy, and it produced the most unwavering conviction—the sketch which you have offered to present to the public may be regarded as an abridgement of that course of reading—it was written after my opinion was fixed—and the sources whence it was drawn can easily be traced.—On a subject which has employed the talents of the most profound scholars, and which has been illustrated by every mode of reasoning, and every species of proof; little novelity is to be expected; the method, language &c. may be new, but they are not to be looked for altogether, and I doubt not many passages which will be sent you, might be discovered nearly verbatim in some of those authors referred to, though I am incompetent to say to whom I am most indebted—Probably Leland, Lardner, Paley, and Houteville. In addition to the works of these four authors—Kidder's Mesias, Ditton's Resurrection West or the same subject, Doddridge's Evidences, Dore's Proof, Campbell on Miracles, Jones' New Method, Grotius de Veritatæ, Prideaux' Connections, and many others not now recollected were perused in course, and though this piece may have little other merit than a compilation, yet it may through the medium of the COMPANION convey some information to those who would otherwise have neglected the subject intirely.

The knowledge introduced into the world by the dispensation of the Gospel, and by the dispersion of the writings containing the principles of the Christian religion, has been productive of the most beneficial effects upon the minds of men. The inhabitants of those parts of the world who had for many hundreds of years, yea, from the begining been covered with the most impervious darkness, and overshadowed with the most besotted ignorance have felt its enlightening influences. Before I proceed to adduce the evidence which we have in support of the Old and New Testament, as originating in God, and revealed to us by him; let us examine the conduct of those nations who yet continue in barbarity, and review the actions and principles of those who never enjoyed the benefits of that light which the Scriptures give, and consider the state of the world previous to, and at the time the founder of the Christian Religion entered on his public labours.

For the sake of perspicuity, I shall lay down this proposition, and the proof in support of it will follow.

The light of Nature did not infuse into Men, just notions on the most important topics of Religion;—did not influence them to lead holy lives, whence it is reasonable to con-

clude that more information was necessary, and if given to us, that it would be revealed in an extraordinary manner, and speak explicitly on those subjects of which Man was most ignorant; whence will be inferred that the Gospel being delivered to us in a miraculous way, and conveying all that instruction which was needed by mankind is that system of religion to which we may safely trust, and ought to attend.

The truth of this remark will appear from the following considerations.

I. The crude, imperfect, and even blasphemous ideas, which the nations had of the being, nature and perfections of God, and the conduct of Divine Providence.

II. The immorality, licentiousness, and infamous practices which stain the memory, and disgrace the character of the Ancients.

III. The unsatisfactory doctrine which they held concerning the immortality of the soul, a future state &c.

IV. It is almost impossible that a Revelation could be made to Mankind without a miraculous intervention, or an interruption or departure from the usual course of nature. The Christian religion was thus made known, it fully explains all those subjects dark to the Heathen, solves their difficulties, and enlightens the mind concerning them. *(To be continued.)*

Mr. Easy,

The observations of your correspondent Pericles, on Female education, and literary acquirements, are, I think, generally correct. That want of mental acquisition, which characterise our females, is a circumstance, which fills with sensible regret, every true admirer of the sex; it materially detracts from their respectability, and disqualifies them from communicating those delights which we might otherwise expect of them. But whilst we deplore the imperfections of the female, let us not cast the mantle of oblivion over those, of the other sex. Are there no blemishes of this nature to attach here? Will an impartial observer exonerate our young men from a similar censure? Justice, at least, I fear will not, and her behests must, shall be obeyed. I wish not to be rigidly censorious: I hope I have a sufficient fund of charity for the aberations and frailties, "which flesh is heir to;" but I assert, Sir, that the want of mental improvement is also very conspicuous among our young men. Those whose commercial, or mechanical pursuits, necessarily leave them no time for the cultivation of their mind, will find a more rational excuse; but there are those who have perfect leisure—are they more conspicuous for their talents or acquirements, or more enviable for their virtues? should we not, in prosecuting our enquiries on this subject, find them almost incessantly engaged at the gaming table, or in a circle of companions as unthinking and as dissipated as themselves. Some indeed, whose condition is perhaps not less unenviable, connect themselves, as a kind of necessary appendage to the ladies, and follow them, most obsequiously, wherever their caprice or fancy leads them. Literature is unknown to them. Its irradiating rays have never beamed upon their benighted understandings, and they can extract no delight from the innumerable sources, which present themselves to the more rational, and contemplative observer: Their minds, like an uncultivated field, produce, spontaneously, but the poisonous and the unwholesome.—It cannot be supposed, Sir, that this description of young men are either susceptible of mental pleasure, or capable of communicating it to others; or that a female, in whose breast there is ever a strong propensity to please, would think a cultivated understanding any advantage, or any recommendation to such; it requires little penetration, indeed, to predict *her* success who should be absurd enough to adopt such a method.—Thus, Sir, we may discover one cause of that lamentable dearth of female excellence, which Pericles, and which every true admirer of the female sex, bewails.—The examples of young men, far more powerful in their operations on the female breast, than the precepts and the lessons of the wise and the studious, have contributed to this evil, and obscured for a season the resplendent beauties of the female character; those real beauties which dignify, which ennoble their nature—the beauties of the mind.

AMICUS.

THEATRE.

Mr. Easy,

As I am a great lover of the *Drama*, and seldom miss the sight of a good Play when I have it in my power to indulge myself; I shall occasionally take the liberty of giving the publick some observations on the performances and the performers, if they meet with your approbation.

I have always been of opinion, that seeing a good tragedy or comedy, is one of the most innocent and rational modes of recreation; and think so still, notwithstanding the sneers of the fastidious and the frowns of the austere, who involve in one general condemnation all scenic representations whatever: but general invectives and indiscriminate censures, are the puny efforts of superficial observers with narrow and illiberal minds. There is no human invention however nearly approaching to perfection, but

must necessarily have its weaknesses, deficiencies, and blemishes ; nor is there any subject but may give occasion to the shallowest abilities for violent abuse. It is easy to gratify malice and give importance to vanity, by boldly asserting this to be trifling, and that to be immoral ; but the censure whose object is reformation, and the criticism which aims at improvement, carefully separates good from evil ; that while one is reproved, the other may not lose its reward. Theatrical exhibitions are not only permitted by all enlightened nations, but when properly conducted are sanctioned and encouraged, as schools of morality, and mirrors of manners ; nor do a few faults and indiscretions take away their general character : if Comedy sometimes degenerates into unbecoming levity, and Tragedy into hyperbolical rage and distress ; their aberations should be pointed out, and lash'd till reformation is produced, but still the power to produce scenes

——"*Of useful mirth, and salutary woe*,"——

is by no means diminished, nor ought it to be undervalued.

Mr. Cooper's appearance once more on our Theatre, must give great pleasure to all those who desire to see some of the first characters of the best plays, exhibited in a chaste, and energetic manner. He is certainly much improved since his visit to England, and has established the character of a first rate Tragedian : correctness, entire possession of himself, accute and just discrimination, with strong, physical powers ; are primary requisites, which he possesses in an eminent degree. I have several times read and seen the tragedy of *Hamlet*, but must candidly own, that I never before had so clear and distinct a conception of the character, as Mr. Cooper's representation of it on Monday evening enabled me to form. His *Penruddock*, was given with equal precision and force, but I never was partial to this comedy, and had much rather see him in any other part. It is to be regretted that he was in general so badly supported. When a Theatrical company offer their services, and expect the encouragement of the Public ; the Public has a right to expect that the whole quantity of talent which that company possesses shall be exerted ; and if from motives of pique, vanity or jealousy, any one refuses to assist in rendering every performance as compleat as possible ; he or she deserve to be marked as objects of public neglect. *Mr. Wood*, a highly improved, and very pleasing performer, is exempted from any censure implied in this observation ; as it is well known he has been really indisposed. I will not take up more room in your paper at present, but defer what farther remarks I have to make till the next. Tyro.

COPY OF A PAINTER'S BILL, PRESENTED TO THE VESTRY FOR WORK DONE IN A COUNTRY CHURCH.

To filling up the chink in the red sea, and repairing the damages of Pharoah's host.....

To a new thief on the cross.....

To cleansing six of the Apostles, and adding an intire new Judas Iscariot.....

To a new pair of hands for Daniel in the lion's den, and a sett of teeth for the lioness.....

To a new alteration in the belief, mending the commandments, and making a new Lord's prayer.....

To repairing Nebuchadnezzar's beard.....

To mending the pitcher of Jacob's daughter.....

To varnishing Jonah's face, and mending his left arm.

To a sheet anchor, a jury mast, and a long boat for Noah's ark.....

To adding some Scotch cattle to Pharoah's lean kine...

To making a new head for Holoferness; and cleansing Judith's hands.....

To mending the net, in the miraculous draught of fishes.....

To giving a blush to the cheeks of Eve, on presenting the apple to Adam.....

To a perspective glass for David viewing Bethsheba, and mending his right eye.....

To cleansing the Garden of Eden after Adam's expulsion.....

To finishing the Tower of Babel and compleating most of the figures with new heads.....

To painting a shoulder of Mutton and a leg of Beef, in the Mouths of two of the Ravens feeding Elijah.....

ANECDOTES.

"*This house to let, enquire next door.*

Thus read *Bannister to Wilson*, on the front of a dwelling, which had been apparently unoccupied for some years. "I'll make some enquiry about it," said *Charles*. "Will you be so kind to inform me, Sir, what is the annual rent of that empty house?"—"Fifty pounds, besides taxes."—"Will you let any thing with it?"—"No, why do you *ax*?"—"Because if you *let it alone* it will tumble down."

AN ALPHABETICAL PUN.

A gentleman and his friend passing through the Old Baily soon after the institution of the new drop, were stopped by an immense croud, and on enquiring into the cause, were told that in a few minutes one *Vowel* was to be hanged. "I wonder what Vowel it can be?" cried one of them. "Its neither U nor I," replied the other,—"so let us pass on.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

Tho' vain my most impassioned tale
  Which strove to tell how much I love thee,
Tho' all my vows could not avail,
  Nor all my truth nor fondness move thee ;
Yet grant one smile e'er I depart,
  To ease the load I'm sinking under ;
Speak gently to my bursting heart,
  E'er I forever from thee sunder.

I'll from my native plains away ;
  The joys which once they gave are ended,
At Nancy's frowns they all decay,
  On Nancy's smiles they all depended.
Then smooth once more thy brow serene,
  On which, when absent I may ponder,
And muse upon that gentler mein,
  To cheer my heart, when we're asunder.

And oh ! if of the banished youth,
  A random thought should chance come o'er thee,
For pity's sake, confess his truth,
  And own the tender love he bore thee.
This short remembrance, I'll repay
  With all my thoughts where e'er I wander ;
Oh ! streak my cloud with this small ray,
  To chear its gloom when we're asunder.

Adieu ye groves, ye streams, ye plains ;
  With what regret I'm forced to leave you—
Ye Nymphs farewell, farewell ye Swains ;
  Beware of Hope, it may deceive you.
And thou, fair Maid, for, whom I sigh ;
  No care, or pain, may'st thou fall under ;
But still be blest, tho' I still cry,
  Oh ! woes my heart that we should sunder. T

VERSES WRITTEN ON THE FIRST OF MAY

Winter, with all his storms are past,
  And smiling *May* confirms the spring:
Hither, ye tuneful shepherds, haste,
  Your songs and votive tributes bring.

Now let us for our queen of May
  Choose from the nymph's some peerless fair;
And form, on this auspicious day,
  The fragrant wreath to bind her hair.

But who shall be our queen of May,
  And who can find this peerless fair,
For whom on this auspicious day,
  We form the wreath to bind her hair?

'Tis she, in whose expressive face
  Nature's own sweetest tints unite ;
Whose blooming cheeks, and radiant eyes,
  Beam like the morning's rosy light.

Where the best virtues of the heart,
  With reason and with fancy shine ;
And in whose fair proportion'd form,
  Grace, ease, and dignity combine.

In whose behaviour frank and kind,
  No forc'd affected airs we trace;
Whose feeling heart and polish'd mind,
  Fulfils each promise of her face.

'Tis *Phillida*, the wreath shall wear
  We form on this auspicious day ;
'Tis *Phillida*, the peerless fair !
  Come, shepherds, crown her queen of May.

E.

SELECTED POETRY.

Dr. Johnson's extemporaneous verses on an extravagant young Heir, coming of age, not generally included in his works.

Long expected one and twenty,
  Ling'ring year, at length is flown ;
Pride and pleasure, pomp and plenty,
  Great ——— are now your own.

Loosen'd from the minor's tether,
  Free to mortgage or to sell,
Wild as wind, and light as feather,
  Bid the sons of thrift farewell.

Call the *Betsey's*, *Kates*, and *Jennies*,
  All the names that banish care ;
Lavish of your father's guineas,
  Shew the spirit of an heir.

All that prey on vice or folly
  Joy to see their quarry fly ;
There the gamester light and jolly,
  There the lender grave and sly.

Wealth my lad was made to wander,
  Let it wander as it will ;
Call the jockey, call the pander,
  Bid them come and take their fill.

When the bonny blade carouses,
  Pockets full and spirits high,
What are acres, what are houses ?
  Only dirt—or wet, or dry.

Should the guardian, friend or mother,
  Tell the woes of wilful waste ;
Scorn their council, scorn their pother——
  You can hang or drown at last.

The following little piece is not published in the works of Gray, but is attributed to him.

With beauty, with splendour surrounded ; to languish ;
To weep without knowing the cause of my anguish ;
To start from short slumbers and wish it were morning,
To close my dull eyes, when I see it returning ;
Sighs sudden and frequent, looks ever dejected,
Words that steal from my tongue by no meaning connected;
Ah ! say, fellow swains, how these symptoms befell me ?
They smile, but reply not—sure *Delia* can tell me.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
COLE & HEWES,
192 MARKET-STREET, BACK OF MESSRS. BONSALS' BOOK-STORE.